

LITTLE BOB LOST

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It was the most sorrowful, heart-breaking night of all that Captain Gould and his company had passed upon this deserted coast.

About two o'clock in the morning, the sky, which had been brilliant with stars until then, began to be overcast. The breeze was now in the north, and the clouds from that quarter gathered overhead. Not yet very thick, they chased each other with ever increasing speed, and east and west of the cliff the sea must certainly be rough.

It was the time when the flood brought up on to the beach the rollers of the rising tide.

Just at this moment Mrs. Wolston got up, and before she could be stopped she rushed out of the cave in delirium, shrieking:

" My child ! My child ! "

Force had to be used to get her back again.

James, who had caught his wife up, took her in his arms and carried her back, more dead than alive.

The unhappy mother remained stretched out on the heap of kelp where Bob usually slept by her side. Jenny and Dolly tried to bring her round,, but it was only after great efforts on

their part
that she recovered consciousness.

Throughout the remainder of the
night the
wind moaned incessantly round the
top of the
cliff. A score of times the men
searched all over